

In Recital

Tony Luca Caruso, tenor

Assisted by

Albert Chan, piano

Friday, April 8, 2005 at 8:00 pm

Studio 27

Fine Arts Building



DEPARTMENT OF
MUSIC

Program

O Sole Mio	Eduardo Di Capua (1865-1917)
Mattinata	Ruggiero Leoncavallo (1857-1919)
Nina	Composer Unknown
Ouvre Tes Yeux Bleus	Jules Massenet (1842-1912)
Gesegnet Sei	Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)
Ich Liebe Dich	Ludwig van Beethoven (1796-1800)
Marechiare	Paolo Tosti (1846-1916)
Intermission (10 minutes)	
La Spagnola	Vincenzo Di Chiara (1864- 1937)
O Del Mio Dolce Ardor	Christoph Willibald von Gluck (1714-1787)
Musica Proibita	Stanislao Gastaldon (1861-1939)
O Cessate Di Piagarmi	Alessandro Scarlatti (1660-1725)
Core 'ngrato	Salvatore Cardillo (1874-1947)
Wie Viele Zeit Verlor Ich, Dich Zu Lieben	Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

This recital is presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree for Mr Caruso.

Mr Caruso is a recipient of an Anne Burrows Music Foundation, a Beryl Barns Memorial Award (Undergraduate) and a CWL Scholarship.

Translations

O Sole Mio (O My Sun)

Sheer delight is a day of sunshine, a clear blue sky when the storm is over! The very freshness brings a festive feeling! What sheer delight is a day of sunshine!

Another sunshine, with brighter rays, is shed upon me from your dear face! The sun, the sun that warms me is in your face, is in your face! When twilight's falling and the sun is setting a sense of sorrow pervades my being; Beneath your window would I tarry dreaming when twilight's falling and the sun is setting.

Translated by Richard Costello.

Mattinata (Morning)

The dawn, dressed in white, has already opened the door to the sun, and with pink fingers caresses the myriads with flowers. A mysterious trembling seems to disturb all nature, yet you will not get up, and vainly I stand here sadly and sing. Dress yourself, too, in white and open the door to your serenader! Where you are not, all is dark, where you are, love is born!

Translated by Antonio Giuliano

Nina (Nina)

Three days are that Nina in bed stays. The slumber murders her. Waken her! For pity's sake! Cymbals and drums and shawms! Waken my little Nina for me so that she may sleep no more. And while the Doctor goes to visit her, dear Nina for love stays.

Translated by James P Dunn

Ouvre Tes Yeux Bleus (Open Your Blue Eyes)

Open thy blue eyes to the dawning now high above. Hear the warbler greeting the morning with song of love. The dawn unfolds the budding roses; O come with me. To cull the daisies it discloses. I call to thee. I call to thee. Why behold nature in her splendor with ruptured gaze? A mystery far more tender than summer days 'tis in me. Yonder bird is calling with all its art while the sun's bright rays on us falling Fill all my heart.

Translated by Willis Wager

Gesegnet Sei (Blessed Be He)

Blessed be He by whom the world was brought forth. How excellently he created it all. He created the sea and it's bottomless depths. He created the ships that glide over it. He created paradise with eternal light. He created beauty and your face.

Translated by Donna Bareket

Ich Liebe Dich (I Love You)

I love you as you love me. True our love is ever-caring. There was no rough, there was no smooth, that you and me weren't sharing. And trouble shared is trouble halved, when troubles are allying; you were the comfort for my part, your laments made me crying. So be God's blessing upon you My joy, my life, my being. The Lord may keep and shelter you, protect and keep us living.

Translated by Bertram Kottmann

Marechiaro (Clear Ocean)

When the moon rises over Marechiaro, even the fish tremble with love. In the bosom of the sea, the waves churn with joy and change their color. In Marechiaro, a balcony smiles. My passion flies there. Beneath it, the water murmurs and a carnation perfumes the air.

Translated by Jean Peccei

La Spagnola (The Spanish Girl)

She came from Spain La Spagnola. Spain was the land of her birth. Men know her as a Cajoler. Full of romance and of mirth! Men are entranced by her wondrous charms, For every heart she'll delight! They yearn to hold within their arms, so all their cares will take flight! Ah! The Spanish girl, loveliest flower of Spain! When the music begins to play, then you can dance all your cares away. Dance and sing all the night and say Spanish flow'r dance our cares away.

Translated by Unknown

O Del Mio Dolce Ardor (Of My Sweet Ardor)

Oh, desired object Of my sweet ardor, the air which you breathe, at last I breathe. Wherever I turn, your lovely features paint love for me. My thoughts imagine the most happy hopes and in the longing which fills my bosom I seek you, I call you, I hope, and I sigh.

Translated by James P. Dunn

Musica Proibita (Prohibited Music)

Underneath my balcony every evening I hear a love-song. Repeated several times by a young man, and it makes my heart beat faster. I'd like to sing it to a woman. O how sweet is that melody! O how pretty, how I love to hear it! My mother will not let me sing it, though why she would forbid me, I don't know. Now that she is out I am going to sing the song that I found so exciting.

Translated by Antonio Giuliano

O Cessate Di Piagarmi (O Stop Wounding Me)

O stop wounding me! O leave me to die! Eyes so ungrateful and merciless. More than ice and more than marble. Cold and deaf to my sufferings! More than a snake, more than an asp, cruel and unhearing to my sighs, eyes so proud, unseeing and ferocious, you have power to make me well again, and you enjoy my fainting.

Translated by James P Dunn

Core 'ngrato (Ungrateful Heart)

Catari, Catari, why do you tell me these words of bitterness, why only things that torment me Catari? Don't forget that once I gave you my heart, Catari, don't forget! Catari, Catari, why do you say these things that make me suffer? You never think of my pain, you never think if it, you don't care. Ungrateful heart, you took my life from me and now it's all over, you no longer think of me! Catari, Catari, you don't know that in a church I prayed to God! I even told the confessor that I suffer for you. I suffer. I can't believe this! And the Priest, who is a Holy person said, "My son, leave her alone. Leave her be!" Ungrateful heart, you took my life from me and now it's all over, you no longer think of me!

Translated by Tony Caruso

**Wie Viele Zeit Verlor Ich, Dich Zu Lieben
(How Much Time I Lost in Loving You)**

How much time I lost in loving you! Had I only loved God in all that time, a place in Paradise would now be mine. A saint would then be seated at my side. And because I loved you, beautiful fresh face, I forfeited the light of Paradise. And because I loved you, fair violet, I now shall never enter Paradise.

Translated by Eugene Hartzell